

1963

100

P.S.















You are unique.

Whether someone materialistically defines you down to a vague mass of energy determined by heredity and environment, or reverently claims you to be the spiritual child of God and subject to His judgement, makes no difference. Regardless of your ultimate origin, you are existing, now, as a human being.

The significant factor is not your striking correlation with any given lowest common denominator of the human race, but, rather, your striking dissimilarity on the most highly refined level of existence--your intellectual individuality.

It is YOUR difference that makes the difference.

The identity of the individual may be expressed in many various self-satisfactory ways, but the most valuable are those in which your existential nature is interpreted through means which enable you to communicate in terms conceivable by the human understanding.

These means are primarily the creative arts.

Of these, writing is perhaps the most explicit and easily accessible. This does not imply that it does not require skill and proper application for success.

But even the attempt at creative writing is invaluable. By exercising your imagination you develop personal originality and thereby define more clearly your self-identity.

Creativity becomes self-knowledge which, in turn, anticipates a better understanding in human relationships and a more profound insight into mankind.

Louise McDougall  
Arts IIIH







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This book of poetry and prose contains those entries of the 62-63 Vox Literary Competition which were not published in the Yearbook itself.

The purpose of postscripting this volume to VOX is to let you see what your fellow students are doing creatively. Comparing the number of entries with this year's enrollment, we can conclude that they have not been doing very much.

Obviously, many more contributions will be needed if the Student Council's proposal about printing a Creative Quarterly is going to emerge as a successful venture.

If, after reading this volume, you feel that you can express yourself as well or better--please do so.

Try writing over the summer holidays when you are temporarily free from the pressures of college life. If you find yourself puzzled about something you have written, take it to one of your professors; they are only too willing to help you solve your literary problems and to encourage you in any way they can.

The Council is providing the opportunity; the Faculty members are offering their assistance; it remains to you to create.

Gina Fileccia  
VOX Editor 62-63



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## DECEIT

You gave me fruit, whereof I did eat,  
It was rosy red, you said it was sweet,  
It was big, you said it would fill.  
You gave me twice before I did eat.

You promised me pleasure  
which lasted but a moment,  
It was full of passion  
which proved bitter-sweet,  
It was uncontrollable  
when once having started,  
You promised me pleasure  
which condition not meant (understood).

Anonymous - Arts IV



IN REPLY TO "THE ROCK"

Yes, a rock stands  
a fortress of the sea  
a tower in the midst of things  
staring at the distant sands  
waiting for the waves  
to lash, to surge  
and turn the sun around  
and hide in rocky caves  
roll in and churn the driftwood  
wash and wash, ebb and flood.

Thundering brine  
how strong the sea!

But stronger stands a single rock  
cast to defy the salt  
abide the clinging weeds  
stand firm on sliding foam  
on crested velvet not at fault  
yesterday or now  
a champion in the green  
deep relentless lonely killer of the free  
the gift of strength  
to tenants, refuge for many  
lost without a key  
without a door  
protector of the scornful  
foundation for a tempest's wrath  
a searcher's stove  
from horizon  
to the next one.

But only one rock, a tower of the sea  
staring at the sands  
shuns the raging, violent and uncontrollable  
faulters never in the light of day  
nor dark of night  
ever calling past the jeering gulls  
over the rolling surf  
to a silent  
valley on the shore  
beyond the grasp of Neptune  
never spend on ghastly roaring din  
but clad in quiet  
robed in peace, and more

G. A. Card.

## AN AUTUMN MOON

Streams of iridescent light come forth  
To shatter trees upon this autumn moon;  
The glistening gems of snow from out the North  
The dreary light of coming winter scorn.  
The silence of the golden day is broke  
When singing flakes come slyly to the ground  
They stir within the cauldron words soft spoke:  
A very real and understanding sound.  
Deep in the whiteness of their bounds is cast  
A single secret how the night they shun;  
The warmth of now, the cold of soon outlast  
If they can rest their heads in winter's sun.  
Themes of deep-sought reason each gives free  
Now and in the scope of then to thee

G. A. Card.

## A SNOWFLAKE

A snowflake floated by that day  
A speck of white amidst the gray  
And sombre light of Autumn  
How bright and clear this crystal shines,  
While clouded skies dim brilliant minds  
And dull the eager brain.

This gem of gems, this lustrous star,  
It glitters there on granite spar  
And lives through day and night who are  
To it just passing friends.  
This mortal light of sapphire glow,  
This precious diadem of snow,  
This mercuric river flow  
Hath warmth indeed.

Queen of queens the snowflake reigns,  
As the other monarch beauty feigns,  
For none other hath what this flake claims:  
A word for all posterity:  
"Glean a tender heart," she spoke,  
"Make my light and throw the yoke  
Of winter to the ground."

G. A. Card.



## A FLIRTATION

Over the rooftops I flew along,  
Cheering the heavens with my song,  
"To wit, to woo  
But who are you"?

I dropped down your chimney,  
(I am quite a slimmey)  
To let you know  
I love you so.

I stayed there all night  
Me thinks that's all right  
To demonstrate to you  
I love you true.

We surely had fun  
But now I must run.  
"To wit, to woo  
But who were you?"

Carl Christie

## THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

Forsake: forsooth  
alas....  
oh.

God.  
I flunked.  
I passeth not!

To be or not to be is not the  
question:  
but rather to study  
this ruddy  
trash put forward in the name  
of knowledge. A game  
to win, to lose, but not to tie  
just like a spy.  
All or nothing at all.  
The weak fall  
by the wayside  
you cannot ride  
but walk  
and stalk.

GRIND!

Carl Christie

## THE WANDERERS

Dusty of shoes and dented of hat,  
Beggars we knock at this door and that.  
Lonely, unwanted, respected by few  
In solitude thinking of times we once knew.

For we were not always old, tired, and forlorn,  
Wondering if the Lord will allow us to face a new morn.  
No, once we were young and brimming with life  
With hopes of a cottage, a family, a wife.  
But time took wing and passed us by,  
Now we're alone just waiting to die.

All our hopes are now memories  
Sometimes hard to recall,  
But recollection might hurt,  
So perhaps its best after all.

We wander in the world a-l tattered and torn  
Open to ridicule, laughter and scorn.  
So don't deprive us of our claim to human right  
Though we beg food by day, seek shelter by night.  
Look deep in our eyes, penetrate our disguise  
And search for a heart deep within.

Joyce Cochamas - Arts I



## FLIGHT

Crack the shell! Set the fledgling free!  
Cast off this mere mortality  
And let my rush of words give vent  
To the quenchless thirsts which now torment  
My heart, whose passionate searchings brought  
Such spiralling hierarchy of thought  
That it conveyed, or so it seemed,  
For one brief instant, real or dreamed,  
Such splendour that my answer given  
Was "This can be of none but heaven.  
Such joy, such unpolluted mirth---  
I've seen no counterpart on earth!"  
Great wonder that I was so near  
Yet somehow couldn't grasp it clear.  
And while I thought, it fled away...  
Prisoner again of night and day.  
Oh heart, bleed for that sight once more,  
Bleed for the vanished vision that tore  
The veins of my very being asunder  
In agonies of matchless wonder.

Mary Downing - Arts II

## HOW MUCH I LOVED LIFE THEN

How much I loved life then! How the mere thought  
Of being alive produced such ecstasy  
That I longed for more, and my thirsting brought  
Even wilder heights of revelry.  
Such plenitude of hope and feeling I knew,  
Life all-encompassing-until you came  
And like some compelling magnet drew  
Me forth and consumed me in your flame.  
I thought Youth's passion breathed of eternity  
And in my little god so much believed  
That the stinging touch of your inconstancy  
Left me thunderstruck like a soul bereaved.  
Life called again-but she could not repair  
The aching bruise your heartlessness left there.

Mary Downing, Arts II

## THE RED AT TWILIGHT

The day and Earth are parting company  
And I, standing on eroded banks of grey  
Gaze at the bent hoop of a dead tree  
Which the soft gurgling soon will sweep away.  
The sun's rays, Earth's stagelights, are dimming now.  
The wings are empty; the house is still;  
One by one the cast have taken their bow.  
I alone remain for the added thrill  
Backstage after the audience have gone.  
The river within its banks lies darkling  
But does not sleep; its course is never run  
To completion; it knows no dying.  
The late summer twilight throws a last gleam  
At the water churning there past my feet.  
Its glow is red; I do not err or dream  
But see my river in its fashion sweet  
As seen by that stubborn Gaul who passed here  
Centuries before I came and gazed  
Feeling, as he did, my home must be near,  
And viewing the scene with pride and all-amazed.

I thought the redness of my river blood,  
And it seemed to me a great artery  
Bringing to a golden heart the flood  
Of a free mankind and his society.  
The great heart will not cease to stir and beat  
Nourished by my river's eternal spring.  
I wish mortal fate would like honours mete  
To my heart-----but I am a transient thing;  
Come for a moment's bliss at the end of day,  
My life-tide soon shall sweep me far away.

Mary Downing - Arts II



## THE LATE RISER

Let not the sun invade our eastern skies,  
Impose upon our land its princely ray,  
At such an early hour it can ne'er be viewed  
By he who rises in the latter part of day.  
Why does his half-burnt star, that glowing orb,  
So thoughtlessly cast forth its priceless bonn,  
When we are ill-disposed, (being in bed),  
To use his gift till it is well past noon.

And then when we bestir us to discharge  
Those daily duties left unto our care  
Having jointly gathered implements and wills,  
We gaze about and find no sun is there.  
Try as we might we cannot seem to grasp  
His rose-toned coat-tails as away from us he flees,  
To leave us to (deep) regrets and all the work  
We ought have done when we had had the ease.

Then when our time to love has come, we must delay  
Till all our duties have been done-----which state  
Is reached when gray o'ergrows those fields of starts  
Where we once sought for love but much too late.  
For our dilemma there can one answer be,  
And this too simple for a philosophic plight;  
The moon must give its glory to the morn,  
And the sun must condescend to shine at night.

Mary Downing - Arts II

## THE ARTIST

Winter walked soft-soled in the white woods bare  
Through which I passed to view her art display.  
I trudged through drifts she scattered here and there  
In her still-life (scene) of crystal white and grey.  
I turned to the river whose course she stayed  
And free-flowing laughter and rainbows ceased  
By the white jewel from which she carved and made  
A necklace, that her beauty be increased.  
The muted sun hung low along the shore,  
The dead brown branches crackled in the wind  
And the bright glitter made the cold seem more  
Than if I had not seen it but been blind.....  
Then, from a ceiling swollen with frozen rain  
Her paintbrush soon retraced its strokes again.

Mary Downing - Arts II

## FROSH

The day is here, the hour has come, the doors are open wide  
To you the brand-new college student, to you the nation's pride.  
The worldly life you once pursued your very soul must spurn,  
For higher education calls "Take up thy cross and learn."  
From 'logies, 'graphies, and 'osophies your subjects you now choose.  
Of course you take the easiets; you can't afford to lose.  
That you still can't write good essay-style is quite a tragedy,  
Especially when they tell you English is compulsory.  
However, you soon find your lot is not that hard to bear---  
In English books you often find great moral teaching there.  
Chaucer says beware of folks with mormals on their skins,  
Hairy warts upon the nose, and bruises on their shins.  
A red nose is a sign of sin, a pustule means disgrace...  
(Of course you don't agree when you have pimples on your face.)  
History is another course will yield you useful facts  
But you must not absorb too much the force that it impacts.....  
A king of England had seven wives and this is really true...  
If royalty can play the field pray then, why can't you?

Now no real student can fail to take some psychology,  
And next we must make mention of the weekly laboratory.  
Here we do experiments whose results are never nice----  
Because the subject is yourself-----I'd rather work on mice.  
Your IQ range is middle-lower; you have poor attitude,  
In desperation you try to find some hidden aptitude----  
Your highest one is matching cubs, your lowest is scholastic,  
You'll flunk out halfway through the term, or else do something drast  
And so for fear your college stay will be untimely short,  
You come to use the library as a very last resort.  
They say their system's simple, and you believe them trustingly...  
The little green book that you have will offer you the key  
To filing catalogue and cards with numbers on them too,  
And all the different slips they have in yellow, pink and blue.  
Reserve and stacks and overnights, two hours and three days,  
And a sundry other details make up this horrid maze.  
Renewal slips and overdues, requests and holds and fines...  
You add your signature to that book which every scholar signs.  
Recordings, tapes and language lab., extension cords and keys  
And every book you want is at the binders, if you please.

That Life's unkind to freshmen is the moral of this tale,  
Even the very fixtures are against this species frail.  
For example, the drink machine ( a fact which I think strange)  
Always spills out half your drink, and never gives you change.  
And when you try to use that thing they call the Billy-Doo,  
You hang your note upon the hook, and lose your thumbnail too.  
And so to conclude this lecture I've given you today,  
I'll go back to long-lost freedoms, and throw my books away.

Mary Downing - Arts II



## IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE

That courage that our learned forefathers showed  
Has brought to us this day  
That garden of fuitful knowledge sowed,  
And set before us in display,

Yet this food of knowledge is not cheaply bought;  
For through the ages men have sought  
To free themselves of the chain  
Of Convention, Prejudice, and Shame.

Many have suffered, many have died;  
Some have hidden, some have lied;  
Working on through thick and thin  
To prove that Truth and Conscience will always win.

To name a few would be unjust,  
For their names can form a mighty list;  
There is no first among the great,  
No catalogue that you can make.

In ancient times and moder too  
The light of knowledge has shone on through,  
And kept its blaze to point the way  
Out of darkness and into day.

Jim Easton - Arts IV

## A SMATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Nay, 'tis not to be said by Common Man  
What our plight will be,  
Rather by some Outer Force  
That we neither meet nor see  
And that is Life.

Eternally, we clutch for Fame,  
Greedy, we plan to palm the Sphere,  
Readily, we tend to shift the blame,  
Blindly, we grope about in fear,  
Foolishly, we strive to change our course,  
Suddenly, we're forced to face the Force  
And that is Death.

Barrie K. Heiman

THEN DON'T COME TO ME MY SON

Arts III

This world we live in is hard and tough  
There is no room for those who bungle  
So if "youthful conceit" demands you slough  
And your Garden Path becomes a Jungle  
Then don't come to me my son  
And say, "I don't understand."  
Then don't look at me my son  
And say, "I need a helping hand."

Rather stand on your own sound legs,  
And someday you may attain  
The poise, the humility, the understanding  
That will enable you to sustain  
Yourself and your loved ones.

## INTROSPECTION

Barrie K. Heiman

Do I know who I am?  
Do I have identity?  
Or is my life a sham  
Of what it ought to be?

Arts III

Have I learned to be discreet?  
When not to say, "mais oui",  
Have I conquered my conceit?  
Or do I lack humility?

Am I and my kind friends  
Tasting the Germ of Life?  
Do concentric circles justify the ends,  
Or shall I knife the strife?

I must narrow my direction,  
This thing commands inspection,  
Yet somehow defies detection  
In my moment of introspection.

Barrie K. Heiman

Arts III



## END OF AN IDEA

Autos starting, stopping: "No Turn", red light, "One Way";  
People uptown shopping; ordinary day.  
Noise eking from the street,  
People hiding from the heat:  
Sticky summer day.  
Old ears straining,  
Old neck craning,  
Old eyes glistening,  
Old man listening  
To an unfamiliar sound.  
Many people hoping  
To see a building smoking,  
A red light flashing,  
An ambulance dashing;  
Nothing being found.  
Yellow sirens shrieking,  
Shrieking,  
Shrieking.  
Hearts failing,  
People paling,  
Sirens wailing,  
Wailing,  
Wailing,  
Yellow sirens wailing.  
Fear oozing,  
Crowds loosing  
Everyday aplomb;  
Hurrying,  
Scurrying,  
Running from the bomb.  
Sirens screaming,  
People streaming,  
Shrill sirens,  
Yellow sirens,  
Blaring,  
Glaring,  
Staring  
At the people down below.  
Old man watching from his half-deaf world;  
Sitting, stroking sagely his grey beard curled,  
Sitting, staring sternly at everyone now churled.  
(Shrill sirens screeching,  
Peaching,  
Preaching  
To the creatures down below.)  
Old man shutting slowly his half-dim eyes;  
Thinking thoughts of yesterday - of youth, peace, lies;  
Old man dying gently, meeting Death in a disguise;  
Animals around him running past with human eyes,  
Prowling  
To the howling  
Of the sirens  
In the skies.

## SUN

Alone, I watch the sun  
Sink below my view;  
Fading, slowly fading,  
Faintly fading - gone!

Last vestige of lost day  
Dies now with dimming dusk  
To yield to evil night -

Black but bleak and  
Lonely night.

Where now are golden hours,  
Where now is happy light,  
Where now do carefree pleasures roam  
In foulness of night?

Gone now are joyful visions,  
Gone now is merry plight,  
All swept away, enshrouded lie  
In dark, mysterious night.

But yet if we more carefully see,  
While we for many sunsets weep,  
Unnoticed, passing, dawn goes creep.

Ken Jackson      Arts III

## SONNET III

Now many years have passed since life began;  
The serpent which beguiled Eve doth own  
The mind of man for his vindictive home;  
And it repenteth Him that He made man;  
For he has chosen evil rather than  
God's love; and has in great corruptness gown  
For now to wicked ways his mind has flown.  
To destroy all but Noah was God's plan.

And yet today unchanged by this are we;  
The blessed Christ who on the cross hath died,  
A gift far greater than the vengefi; sea,  
Hath been by most rejected, cast aside.  
Yet evil we are, and evil will persist;  
God in Heaven, what next will follow this?

Ken Jackson - Arts III



## I GRASP AT FLEETING MOMENTS

I grasp at fleeting moments  
When I think  
That now is now and never  
Can be then.

For who can recreate a  
Then from now?  
It saddens me to think that  
What I see

Is once, and will be once,  
Was once.  
O Time, despoiler of the  
Sacred view

Of life! Pity thou not the  
Mortal plight?

"Good poet," Time doth answer me,  
"For each remembered yesterday  
There comes a bright tomorrow!"

## DEATH OF A MILANION

"i  
could  
have  
out-fleeted  
fast-footed  
atlanta  
"but you see  
diana  
nobody gave my any  
g  
o  
l  
d  
e  
n....."

"apples?"

Ken Jackson - Arts III

## SONNET IV

Ensuing dusk has routed lengthy day;  
Selene's lonely vigil's haunting ray  
Doth now o'erlook the poet at his desk:

"How many hours of thought will let me say  
What my heart feels, and will to her convey  
The promise of my love; ah, such a quest!"

And when the shaft of moon comes in to see  
His thoughts in poems expressed prolifically,  
This brings to lone Selene high above:

"My fairest I adore thee dutifully.  
Each night I gaze above and think of thee;  
Bright silver orb of moon, thou hast my love!"

The poet-heart unbound to any chain  
Soars high from earth, then falls back down like rain.

Ken Jackson - Arts III

### LAMENT

The cold, beaded blanket of space lay mute and bleak upon the night.  
Galaxies coursed their order.  
Emptiness exuded its gem-blue mobiles.  
Deaf planets sped their systems.

Icy silence.....

Frozen loneliness.....

Cheerless vastness.....

And goading hopelessness engulfed the Universe.

The storm lashed in fury the weary earth,  
Tossed the tufts of remaining turf splaying into the sprawling rapids.  
Water gushed and oozed through the fissures in the mountain slopes.  
The wind whipped the clouds into a frenzy of thick foam.  
The rain, now sleet, slashed the bark of the young poplars.  
Fear gnawed the flesh of the valley's shivering fauna.  
Pellets of sharp ice splintered on the frigid ground.  
Then the blizzard; and the valley shocked to rigidity.

Shrieking winds wrapped their deathlike corpses around the mountain tops  
Thousands of sharp needles probed and picked at the deep snow,  
Etching weird and hoary monuments in the drifts.  
The ridge weakened.....

Shuddered.....

Fell.....

Burring one small village in tons and tons of snow.

And the Universe laughed at this great cosmic joke.

Tom McLauchlan - Science II



## PROGRESS

Caveman arched a brutish back,  
Lifted rock o'erhead,  
Smashed it down on luckless foe,  
Smashed brute, and left him dead.

Shemmite drew back tawny arm,  
Lanced a shiny spear,  
Transfixed foe against a tree,  
Slit throat ear to ear.

"Brave" knight lifted awkward bulk  
O'er back of sturdy steed,  
Chopped down minions right and left,  
Paid their blows no heed.

Woodsman loaded flint-lock gun,  
Placed powder in the pan,  
Squeezed on trigger, gently, sure-  
Killed still another man.

Soldier stood in muddy trench,  
Watched the other side,  
Saw the charge and fired the gun,  
One hundred soldiers died.

Worker sat by intercom,  
Heard the signal word,  
Pressed the button at his hand...

Ian Parker - Arts II

## THE DAWN

I see the flashing dew drops  
Like a million twinkling stars,  
Their hard glint in the night light  
Like the spears of a warring Mars.

But as the fast approaching dawn  
Stains the royal cloak of black,  
With searching shafts of deepest red,  
I note softness, like man, come creeping back.

And slowly I see the pinkness fade,  
The drops shine with a dazzling light,  
Like a bag of golden, kingly coins,  
Spread before the whole world's sight.

Lynn Ridley.

## A LITTLE ROOM.....

A little room to call my own,  
With bed and books and rocking chair,  
Wherever I may choose to roam  
I can always return there  
And consider myself at home.

The desk where I scribble my little poem,  
The pictures on the wall,  
The calendar marks time like an impish gnome,  
As does the cuckoo in the hall,  
And yet I am home.

My mother speaks of soap and foam,  
While Father reads the news,  
Or worries about a yeard of loam,  
And the politician on TV gives his views,  
And still I am at home.

I read my books until all hours,  
And dream of gold and ivory towers,  
But all around me love surrounds,  
And this is a love that knows no bounds  
Because, wherever I may roam,  
I know this is home.

Lynn Ridley.



## MAN'S GOAL?

To reach for the stars or grasp for the Moon,  
This is the greed of Man.  
To be born in a flash or die all too soon  
And snatch for all that he can  
In the few brief moments that are his to grasp,  
And then he's gone with one longing gasp  
For the golden ideals that he passed as he ran.

To live the quiet peaceful life,  
"To take things as they come,"  
Not to battle or cause useless strife  
Is only the goal of some.  
While the rest fight on for material things,  
And time passes them by on rushing wings,  
As Apollo's chariot did ancient Rome.

Lynn Ridley.

## DECISION ON TWO PATHS

To walk in the embrace of a stardusted night  
Or wander alone in the day?  
To feel arms close about me tight,  
Or to plod on my own way?

To hear the whisper of one dear to me  
Or to hear the wind in the trees?  
To hold your hand over fresh made tea  
Or sail across the seas?

To join in one everlasting being  
Or to go our separate ways?  
Throughout our life, without ever seeing  
The joy of our children's days?

Never to know your loving touch  
Again or feel your lips on mine,  
Or to hear you say our love is such  
It will flow on timeless like the Rhine?

To go away from all of this?  
Oh no, my darling, always know,  
I have fresh remembrance of your kiss,  
And I will always love you so.

Lynn Ridley.

You wander in a city street,  
The heartless slabs beneath your feet;  
And towering edifices surround  
With frowning glares. You glance around  
The bustling thoroughfare  
And notice many small things there...  
Hollow voices jeer at you  
From the quiet avenue,  
In senseless phrases caught on air  
As people speak, without a care,  
Or troubled, angry, with a tear.  
And this continuous year on year,  
With the never-ending certainty  
Of life, and death, and eternity.

The tap of heels on hardy stone,  
The wailing siren's angry tone,  
Then gradually bedlam turns to din,  
As opened doors offer the phrase, "Come in."  
The crowds disperse with an audible sigh,  
And the sun departs from a lifeless sky,  
To be replaced, (if it ever can),  
By the glaring, coloured suns of Man.  
The reds and greens are garishly crude  
As they lure to vice, and conjure a mood.  
The night is born, the streets come alive,  
And the luring, flashing, hard lights drive  
Humanity to haunt the street,  
And the hearts of the coursing city beats.

Wandering aimlessly down the street  
Of life, busy modern men fail to meet  
And understand the overwhelming tide  
Which carries them, and on which they ride.

No time to gaze at stars in the night  
Or appreciate Sol's nourishing light.  
No time to rest or take a look  
At flowers in some shady nook.  
Too occupied with menial tasks  
To notice the pasty wax-like masks  
Worn by men. No time to see  
Doom approaching rapidly.

Oh Man, stretch forth your hands and hold  
Full strong, and in your heart enfold  
The glory of life. Use your eyes to see,  
Your ears to hear, your body to be.  
Know the world in which you live;  
Don't seek to receive, but rather give  
Yourself. And, if all these things you do,  
(And the capability is within you),  
The gift of Life is yours to own  
..... The secret of which is God's alone.

Lynn Ridley



## THE CITY II

The shabby motels with lights that flicker,  
The pimp on the corner with beardless snicker,  
The drunk by the trash can who's feeling sicker;  
The heart of the city!  
The moon looks down with twisted scowl,  
And watches the smokestacks black and foul,  
Or sees the alley cat on the prow;  
What a pity!

The comedian on the well-lit stage  
Talks of voters in a "city cage",  
Or links metropolis with decadent age;  
This is witty?

With frost of roofs and mist in the air,  
Snow, quiet-falling, can be seen everywhere.  
Like a sheet it covers men in their lair;  
Some say it;s pretty!  
But underneath all there is plain to be seen  
All that will be, is, or has been,  
A decadent, immoral, fale-fronted queen,  
And that is the city!

-Lynn Ridley.

## THE LONELY LAND

Oh land of mine, stretch forth thy empty hand,  
Thy barren wilderness engulfs the very searching soul  
Of man, who strains toward his unknown goal,  
And destiny. This desolate lonely land  
With mountains aloof and ever changing sand,  
The sweeping prairies, magnificent they roll  
From east and west, but take their deathly toll  
Upon the pioneer, who alone does stand.

But then across this wondrous land of fame,  
Civilization pours its greedy horde.  
Unknown places find at last a name,  
And men forgotten silently gain reward  
In the knowledge that they have lent a helping hand  
In the opening of a great but lonely land.

Lynn Ridley.

## THE BEACH

The other day I walked the beach  
And waded on the roaming sands,  
I watched the waves lap up to reach  
Like eager children's outspread hands.

In rivulets flowing drop on drop,  
And the sand went down to meet  
The water, as it tried to stop  
The departure of my naked feet.

The soothing murmur of wind in trees,  
And the rustling of birds in the dawn,  
The waves capping gently in the breeze  
Called me back, but I walked on.

In a little cave fenced by dunes of sand,  
In hills which hid me from all sight,  
I thought of my love, I thought of the land,  
And thankful I gazed at the last star of night.

Lynn Ridley.

## ODE TO THE SUN

A burning, fast-consuming ball  
Of madness, fire,  
Eating up the life that furnishes it,  
Like the hounds of Hell.  
Yet sorrow lurks;  
The shadow cast by rocks  
On Earth's surface.

Notice of disturbance  
Marks its exterior so proud.  
Yet within this hellish orb is found  
A greatness unforeseen, unheralded  
By all.  
To all  
It seems magnificence personified.

Unsurpassed brilliance day or night...  
It gives forth  
Its mightiness  
For all to see both young and old.  
It gives, and asks  
Nothing in return,  
Only that we turn our face  
Periodically to its laws.

Lynn Ridley.



## THE MOON

When first I saw her,  
Floating on the rim of night,  
Her flowing robes behind her,  
Like a queen with the splendour  
Of a love forgotten,  
A look of sorrow was on her face,  
And a loneliness inexplicable.

I felt my pulses quicken to her cold frigidity -  
A virgin bride,  
Her pale skin like the ocean froth,  
Her slender throat like the exquisite marble of a Roman column,  
A goddess, alive in her bridal gown of pale and creamy silk.

Love is like this -  
Lonely and desolate like the moon in the sky.  
Alone and enduring,  
The soul climbs to the highest pinnacle.  
It soars through the sky,  
And glows in the night,  
A reflected light, basking in the love of the lover.

So is Lady Luna -  
Forgotten at times;  
Glorified at others;  
She wends her way along her predetermined path,  
In search of the eternal lover  
Who will envelop her as his love,  
And end her lonely, nightly vigils.

She seeks but will not find.

Lynn Ridley.

## THE SOLITARY PINE

Last eve, while walking on the sands  
Of time.... I saw a tree  
Stark, reaching up with hands  
So bare, and this to me  
Seemed like man, alone and reaching  
Up to the stars and thee.

Silhouetted there against the sky,  
Alone in the still of approaching night,  
It spread its arms, and with a sigh  
Wind moved these arms, as in readiness for flight,  
And the tree in the sunset gained ominous height.

But like Man it was grounded,  
Its roots in the soil,  
By the sea it was bounded,  
Round about winds did toil,  
And round all Mankind did night's fingers uncoil.

The light will come soon,  
And though man may be gone,  
The tree on the dune  
Will live in the dawn.

Lynn Ridley.



## THE NUCLEAR TEST

DAWN! Cries the warning gray  
A very abnormal day  
Is coming...slow....slow

This dim dawn no birds fly  
I haven't heard their cry  
I think they know

The earth is going to shake  
Its crust is going to bake  
And curl up some

This is, at last the hour  
They'll unharness the power  
Of God's little atom

The coming of daylight drags  
A game of tick-tock tag  
Then all creation bursts

Do I see what I see?  
Everything fire but me  
I'm the universe

Stunned, I watch it sear  
Past the stratosphere  
Out of sight

This weak, trembling earth  
Groans, giving birth  
To heat and light

Resounding the hellish roar  
A mushroom churns and soars  
Ashes fall

It is dark, I realize  
The sun is afraid to rise  
I'm one inch tall

Awakened from the trance  
Weakened in my stance  
I drop to rest

Someone near me said,  
"A million would be dead."  
Thank God..... a test

But this that we have seen  
Beyond all questioning  
Was made to kill

I wonder if possibly, we  
Wiser, but weaker could be  
Is that His will?

In the book of time, one page  
Is the atomic age  
Shall we look

On the next page and see  
If this could possibly be  
The end of the book?

Eddie J. Shepell - Arts II

LITTLE POEMS (TO L.)

Alfie Winebaum took hard knocks,  
From kids who jeered and threw sharp rocks,  
But now he owns a giant store,  
Can any Christian touch him there?

-----

Ecce Beatnik,  
Prostrate on a block of ice.  
Some would scoff him, but I cry  
O daddy what a cool way to die!

-----

Behold the aged Yoga  
In search of Oneness with the Rose  
Nirvana road would seem quite heavy  
The Sage has dirt between his toes

-----

The nights of Gerhard Hauptman  
Are troubled,  
For at best  
He feels the weight of gas ovens on his chest.

Herbert Solem - Arts II



POEM ( TO L. )

Old Mr. Marzipan's tall and lean,  
Old Mr. Marzipan's old and mean,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

Old Mr. Marzipan poisoned the dog,  
Old Mr. Marzipan baits with a frog,  
Old Mr. Marzipan sleeps in a log,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

Old Mr. Marzipan planted some trees,  
Then cut them down just as quick as you please,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

Old Mr. Marzipan married Miss Clay,  
And when he threw her baby away,  
The poor soul died the very next day,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

Old Mr. Marzipan wept and cried,  
Old Mr. Marzipan upped and died,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

For his wake they hired a hall,  
And laid him down in his old gray shawl,  
But his will left nothing, for them at all,  
Candyman, candyman, mean, mean, mean!

Herbert Solem - Arts II

Through the swirling snow they could just barely see the approaching bus. Together the group casually moved toward the bus stop in an orderly and protective huddle.

The four boys came rushing out from behind a car garage, their breath filled with smoke. They sent their cigarettes flying into a snowbank with an obvious recklessness; their shrill laughter seemed almost to be an insult to the dreariness of the winter afternoon.

They swarmed upon the group of people waiting at the bus stop. Their coat collars waved in the wind, and the exposed necks of their white undershirts were stained with sweat, still moist; sweat from running from school, from chasing after screaming and giggling girls, from throwing wild snowballs at each other and at passing cars, from pursuing someone to kick him in the seat of the pants, and from fleeing from someone who wanted to kick them in the seat of the pants.

Under their arms they barely contained their cover-torn and mud-splattered books that ceaselessly fell and were trampled. On their heads wore nothing and their hands were bare, although a pair of ragged leather gloves inevitably hung from one of their pockets. Their shoes were drenched through and their socks were caked with melting snow.

As they came running and sliding toward the bus stop, Martin kicked Carl's feet from behind. Carl fell backwards heavily but his books flew ahead amongst the group waiting for the bus, and he startled them with a sharp cry of pain. The other three boys roared loudly at this spectacular sight. His face distorted with anger and pain, Carl pulled a shattered mirror from his back pocket.

Immediately the others pushed their way into the group of bus waiters, and on their hands and knees they sorted out Carl's wet books from the snow. In their exaggerated searching they scattered the people from their previously well-defined line-up. Several ladies exclaimed at having snow splashed on their legs.

Suddenly the bus had arrived. The people regrouped themselves and gently pushed their way into the bus. An elderly lady was caught by a man just as she tripped over one of the kneeling boys.

"I can't find my pen," Carl groaned, though he once more had a hold on his books.

Brian, who had placed himself on the first step of the bus, frantically called to his friends to forget the pen and hurry before the bus left them.

"Step inside there, young fella," urged the bus driver.

"Come on, he's not going to wait any longer!" Brian shouted.

"Oh, be quiet, Brian. We've got to find Carl's pen," said Harold.

"Yeh, take it easy," agreed Martin, his knees stinging from the cold snow.

Upon hearing the commotion the passengers began clearing circular patches on the frosted windows. Brian still refused to move, and in spite of the fact that he was becoming increasingly nervous, he had not acknowledged any of the bus driver's pleas. Soon a second bus was waiting behind.

More irritated than he allowed himself to appear, the bus driver finally rose from his seat, debating in his mind whether to throw this delinquent off or to pull him in. Some of the passengers were calling for him to close the door on the kid and leave those other stupid idiots behind. They have no business holding up the bus like this!

"I've got it!" Carl jumped to his feet. "I forgot, it was in my pocket all the time."

"Hurry up!" shouted Brian once again.

"Let's go gang," they said. They laughed together and then leaped into the bus.

The bus was already moving when the last one of the boys dropped his



ns into the fare-box. Once more the passengers settled back into their  
ts, but because it was the rush hour many of the passengers were standing,  
h, their arms full of parcels, their legs weary.

With Martin in the lead, the four boys elbowed, shoved, and squeezed their  
to the rear of the bus. There they slouched, one hand holding the above  
ling, the other carelessly clutching their books.

Brian received a glaring stare from a young woman on whose toes he had  
pped. Harold's elbow repeatedly bumped against a short man's hat, much  
the man's irritation. Carl was glancing intermittently at a pretty girl  
k, who was probably just a little younger than himself. Each time he turned to  
k at her she would suddenly look up at him, and then he would immediately  
nce away. Martin was occupied in studying an advertisement for soap,  
with a beautiful and laughing girl on water skis.

For the moment each had paused, deep in his own thoughts.

As the bus travelled further from the downtown area it began steadily to  
ty. Finally the woman upon whose toes Brian had stepped got off the bus.  
hough there were many people standing, Martin and Harold both plunged  
o the empty seat just before another woman was about to sit in it.  
dly they pushed and fought for the seat. Harold had the best position, but  
tin was determined to have the seat for himself.

Suddenly in the struggle, a woman seated next to them had her arm bumped  
Martin, and a neatly wrapped parcel flew through the air to the floor.  
landed heavily, bounced once, and then came to rest against Carl's feet.  
almost musical breaking of glass was punctuated by the woman's startled  
p.

Both boys paused in their battle to gaze down at the parcel on the floor,  
ough not admitting any part in the accident. The woman was momentarily  
nned. Carl politely picked the the parcel up and set it down on her lap,  
mile breaking out on his lips. Harold at once took advantage of the  
n distraction to get his leg farther beneath Martin who then struggled to  
sh it away again.

Carl and Brian looked at the woman who was again being elbowed by the  
estling, though she still hadn't uttered a word. They began giggling, and  
ven they knew they weren't going to be able to control themselves any  
nger they turned away. Their laughter could be heard throughout the whole  
s.

The surrounding passengers watched with some amusement and also with some  
itation. Two elderly men began to chuckle to themselves, and a group  
four elderly women began to say quite loudly that the bus driver should  
now these hoodlums off the bus. They had no right to bother all the other  
ople that way, and did you hear that poor woman's parcel as it hit  
he floor!

An old woman with a sagging shopping bag came to the back of the bus. She  
d gone the full length of the bus without finding an empty seat.

"Why don't you guys give the lady your seat?" Brian suggested to Martin  
y Harold. He smiled teasingly at them.

Martin and Harold looked up, relaxing their hold upon each other.

"You had better get off me, Martin," urged Harold.

ey "What for?"

Harold nodded towards the old woman.

Martin replied loud enough for most of the other passengers to hear,  
at her stand, she's got legs like everybodyelse has!"

"Come on, Martin!" Harold's voice was filled with frustration.

o Martin, who was heavier, only pushed harder against Harold.

"Come on, fellas, " Brian said. "Give the old lady your seat".

The old woman was at last aware that she was the one they were talking  
out. "Oh, don't bother for me. I can stand all right," she said timidly  
d with a sigh.

Many of the passengers were now staring at the boys, some of them with threatening looks. A hushed mumbling spread throughout the bus, then an open chattering until finally a stern-faced man roared out from his far-rear seat, "You boys give that lady a seat!"

Martin and Harold jerked their heads around to face the intruder. He was glaring at them with his teeth clenched. Slowly they untangled themselves and stood up beside Carl and Brian.

"Thank you, boys," said the old woman warmly. "Thank you very much."

Carl and Brian were holding back a burst of laughter, but it broke as soon as Martin punched Carl in the side. They stopped neither their laughter nor their punching until they scrambled for the bus door in a race to see who would be the first out.

Once again the passengers cleared circles in the frosted windows, this time to watch as the four boys chased each other down the street.

The bus started off slowly, as if sighing with relief.

Roger Anton.



## MIRACLE OR TRAGEDY?

The sun was peeping over the flat horizon of the prairies; the heavy, r-ripe stalks of wheat were swaying gently in the early morning breeze. The sky was like a lake on a calm day. There was not a cloud in sight. At the distance a black speck began to loom into the shape of a car. Already the heat was rising off the ribbon of a highway. It was going to be another scorcher. The never ending blue sky showed no sign of relief. Inside the car two young children were curled up in respective corners of the back seat, sleeping, unconcerned with life at the moment. Their mother turned to look at them from the front seat. With a paternal smile she turned around, assuring her husband that they were still dead to the world. Mr. Anderson, his hands on the wheel, smiled understandingly. It had been a long trip from Calgary but they would soon reach Winnipeg. Here a new job, with a substantial raise awaited him. Life was certainly sweet! Two hours later the sun was directly overhead. The heat in the car was unbearable. The parents anxiously scanned the horizon for a restaurant where they could all have an ice cold drink and a brief rest. Then a small, neat little farm house caught the attention of their eyes. Having no alternative they stopped there. Mr. Anderson knocked on the door several times. There was a deathly silence inside. A water pump at the side of the house attracted his eye. He called his family from the car. They all drank to their heart's content. The water was cold and felt good in their hot dusty throats. Back on the road again, Mr. Anderson found his eyes wandering. He was becoming travel weary. The children began to complain of pains in the stomach. Mrs. Anderson would certainly be glad when they reached their destination. The other car seemed to appear suddenly from nowhere. There was a grinding of brakes, a horrible noise upon impact, a scream and then silence. The next day the Brandon newspapers had two feature stories on their front page. The first had the headline, "FAMILY OF FOUR PERISH IN AUTO CRASH". The other story appeared under the headline, "ELDERLY COUPLE FOUND DEAD IN FARMHOUSE". The story stated, "the examining doctor said they must have died a very, slow, painful death brought on by poison in their water supply. Their house was located less than two miles back from where a family of four perished in a head-on car collision."

Robert Grose - Arts I

## VENDETTA PIANO

"Taxi!"

"Where to buddy?"

"Sylvia's".

"Sure, buddy, we all know Sylvia."

"I'm sorry, I mean 1247 Maplewood."

"Yeh, that Sylvia's."

My poor chauffeur could hardly be blamed, my confusion was greater than his. Events, past and anticipated, had me in a state of joyous intoxication. Only yesterday I had received my doctorate in electronic physics, and next week, next week I would be married to my Sylvia who had so long sustained herself on the meager affection of my letters, and next month, ah! Sylvia would be the proud wife of the "Director of Component Research" of Aero-Electronics Ltd. Surely this had been worth the all years of waiting, the rigours of separation eased only by those brief moments when studies and limited finances permitted me to return home, and especially the sweet interlude from my toils, last summer, when I made my long overdue proposal. Life had been such a pleasure for that short time with the eager congratulations of her friends and family and the pleasant pride of showing off the rather pretentious engagement ring. Now again life might regain that ecstatic fever.

"Eighty-five cents, buddy."

"Here, keep the change."

"A fin, buddy?"

"Oh, sorry, give me four, please."

Grabbing my bags I ran toward the house and leaped to the porch in one wild bound. Eagerly I rang the doorbell and stepped in.

"Sylvia."

"Who is that?"

"Arthur".

"Oh, hello, are you here for Sylvia's reception?"

"You mean a shower."

"No, they were last week, today's the wedding. Oh, such a lovely couple they'll make, and you know, she almost married some sort of man from England, been stringing her along for years, but when Fred came along... Oh, it was just a whirl-wind romance, swept her right off her feet and she had the good sense to send the ring back to that silly man, cooped up in his university dungeon. You know they may call it the ivory tower but as far as I'm concerned it's just the ivy dungeon. Are you a friend of Sylvia's?"

"Uh, yes."

"Well, have a seat. They should be back from the ceremony soon and you'll so want to meet Fred, he's such a fine, clean-cut, appealing young man. He's got such a good job, too, working at this wonderful Aero-Electronics plant they're building here; I'm sure you'll love him and....."

"Excuse me I must be off."

"Oh, I'm sorry I detained you but do come and see Sylvia and Fred, I mean, after their honeymoon. Bye-Bye."

\*\*\*\*\*



you know, Ken, Fred is one of the most nauseating characters I have ever n. I became aware of this when, a week after assuming my position at Aero- I discovered that Fred was one of my under-lings. He was the sort of per- who would do well as a dowager's pekinese. He is very aware of his ish beauty and is constantly drawing attention to it, as well as to inconsequential achievements, by a persistent and irritating yapping. s endowed with a saccharine sweetness and is constantly ingratiating elf with anyone who he feels will help him along the way to his -plated kennel. And yet I endure him, infact encourage his friend- . Now, however, my masochism will pay a pretty profit. You see, at first I entertained crude thoughts of revenge, going so far o consider walling him up in an alcove in my basement, but the fact that ck a cask of Amontillado and the fact that Fred is a teetotaler put out of my mind. But now, I have realized the means of my revenge, my detta piano'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, my, they've beautiful, Art; you couldn't have chosen a nicer present. as been so sweet of you to remember us at each anniversary but this is ly the nicest present of all." "But, Sylvia, knowing your penchant for antiques how could I help but e them to you? When I first saw them they were a rather unimpressive set rusty iron twin beds but I realized that a bit of scraping and a spot of el would make them just the thing for your sixth wedding anniversary." "And Sylvia can run up a set of frothy white coverlets that will make them k like something out of frontier days. Appeals to my pioneer sould it s." "I'm sure it does Fred, and I'm sure you'll find them to be a continuing rce of appeal in the future."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fred! Fred! It's the voices again!" "Voices, unh, what voices Sylvia?" "The voices in my sleep, I keep hearing them and they wake me up and y aren't dreams. I can't get away from them. Sometimes I don't hear them days but they're always telling me I'm going to die." "I know, Sylvia, would you like some hot milk and aspirin? It will put to sleep." "Oh, you and your hot milk and aspirin, you don't care about me. You think re aren't voices but that's because you don't care about me, that's all." "But Sylvia I do care about you, I love you deeply." "No, you don't, you just say that but you still think I'm crazy, 't you? Yes, that's it, you think I'm crazy."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Poor Fred, after he had Sylvia committed he was a broken man. He really did love her deeply but the fact of the matter was that he had no choice, she was 'crazy'. Fred never really recovered from the shock of losing Sylvia. Seeing his wife deranged he himself began to lose his grip on sanity as he somehow felt himself responsible for her condition. His work started to go downhill and his private life went to pieces. When I was forced to let him go from the company he took refuge in drink and soon died in delirium tremens. I went to his funeral and wept large crocodile tears.

"When his estate was auctioned I went and bought the iron twin beds for 'sentimental' reasons and removed the radio receiver from Sylvia's. Yes, she did hear voices. The radio receiver had a coil of wire wrapped to a magnet in one of the hollow legs which made the whole bed act as an ear phone audible to a person with her head on the pillow. When I operated my transmitter... well, that was the 'voices'.

"Naturally as soon as Sylvia entered the sanatorium her mental health improved, the voices no longer bothering her, and she was soon discharged to her normal vivacious self.

"So you see, Ken, I achieved my revenge beautifully. Had I driven Fred mad he would have been too stupid to suffer but by forcing him to witness the sufferings of his most beloved possession I made him die a thousand deaths of self-reproach.

"But now, Ken, I would like you to meet my wife.

"Sylvia."

Burton Leathers.



## LET THERE BE LIGHT

"It looks like a dinosaur, but it's impossible" I cried. "How can you take a picture of something that's been extinct for millions of years?"

"Look is that a picture of one or not?" Osgood asked belligerently.

"Well....." I hedged.

"You're just like the rest. I tell you that I've invented a time camera, and you scream impossible; even though you have positive proof in your hand. Well if you can't accept the obvious." Osgood gave a brief nod over my obtuseness, and left my room.

Eccentric was the word, the rest of us at Mrs. Mallory's Boarding House for the Creatively Inclined, use to describe Osgood. It was appropriate, for Osgood was an elderly, bushy haired inventor who every night or so issued forth from his combination laboratory, workshop and bedroom with some miraculous new invention.

Among some of Osgood's past inventions, was a potato peeler that weighed over two hundred pounds, a soundless trumpet for playing at night without disturbing the neighbours, and a hip flask that couldn't be used for the alcoholic who wanted to reform. What Osgood lacked besides common sense, was the ability to decide if his inventions were salable. So he was surprised that he now claimed to have invented something that was marketable.

When he dropped by the next day to show me some more pictures, he asked him about this departure from his usual methods. He was embarrassed and he explained.

"I was trying to invent a film that would only register non man-made objects. For instance someone could walk through New York and snap pictures and all they would get would be the sky and sun and maybe some trees and grass. It was for nature lovers who lived in cities but didn't have time to go out to the country."

"Well, that sounds more like the Osgood I know. So when you got pictures of dinosaurs, you decided that you had invented a time camera.."

I smiled indulgently as I leafed through a pile of pictures of dinosaurs, sabre tooth tigers, and even an ape that looked like a man or vice versa.

"You still don't believe me, do you?" he bristled. I shook my head. "No, for I always was an honest soul. He grabbed his pictures and stalked out of the room.

For the next week, I never saw nor heard Osgood, although he only walked across the hall from me. Then one day he walked in stiffly like a mechanical toy soldier and demanded in a cold formal voice.

"Would you like to see the final half hour of the battle of Waterloo on film as it actually happened?" If you've known Osgood as long as I have, you expect him to walk into your room with a statement like that; and so I accepted it, as if I heard one like it regularly.

"Well I guess I can spare half an hour, especially as Napoleon was my hero of mine." In his room was a queer looking projector, and against one wall hung a white sheet. Settling cautiously among the dirty books, books, and various bits of machinery, I wondered what sort of show he was intending to show me.

The film started out with a chubby, short guy in a ridiculous fancy uniform, looking as if someone had just stepped on his ingrown toenail. Then a host of men in blue uniforms were running backwards towards men in red uniforms, and they began to fight. It wasn't until I saw an object lift off the ground and attach itself to a man's shoulder that I realized the film was being shown in reverse. 'Just like Osgood' I thought as I watched bodies flying together and men rise from the ground to fight.

The battle got progressively fiercier as the film continued; ending in a holocaust. At the time I was more disturbed that the film had been run backwards then at the fact that it seemed authentic.

"How come you ran the film backwards?"

"That's the way the camera recorded it, and so that's the way I show it."

"Any idea of how it works?"

"I think I know," he answered smugly but remained silent. I realized that he had no intention of telling me until I apologized for my former Doubting Thomas attitude.

"I'm sorry I was skeptical before." It wasn't much of an apology and I was about to enlarge on it, when he signified his satisfaction by beginning an explanation.

"You know of course that when you see a star at night, what you are really seeing is light that left that star millions of years ago. So in effect you are looking into the past. Well my camera is recording light that has left the earth a long time ago. The secret is the special film that I accidently developed."

"Have you recorded anything else?" He replied in an indifferent tone.

"You wouldn't like to watch a Roman orgy would you?" I tried to match his tone but failed dismally.

"Yes that would be interesting, in a historical sense I mean."

It was a tremendous let down in a way because the film started right at the height of the orgy, and worked its way to the start. It was like watching a strip tease in reverse. However I decided to be more alert at the beginning of the next one.

"You don't have any more historical films like that one do you?"

"Not now, Jerry, I've got a lot of work to do on the camera."

"What do you mean." I protested. "It works perfectly now."

"Yes but I need to invent a time selector, so that I can record any period I wish."

"What are you going to do with the films?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never even thought about it."

"Look Osgood, what you need is a business manager."

"Yeh, I guess I should try and find one."

"Hold it, you don't have to look, I 'll handle the business end of your invention. We'll be partners, fifty-fifty."

"But you're a writer, no a....."

"Nonsense, I'm just the man for the job." He hesitated for a second but was won over by my shrewd, calculating smile.

About two weeks later, he entered my room. Simultaneously we blurted "Well?" I let him speak first.

"Everything is set. I finished it this morning. Now what ideas have you got?" I leaned back expansively and puffed on a large cigar that I had recently affected.

"Well first of all, and this is just small stuff, we could rent out some of the Roman orgies to stag parties. Now hold it." I cried, noticing his grimace of distaste. "Wait until I'm finished. That was just small potatoes. Now we could also sell some of the gorier parts of history to T.V. or Hollywood. You know, stuff like the beheadings in the French Revolution, the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition. That'll go over real big. Then I'll write the first accurate history of the world. Once the schools and college start using it as text book, we'll have an assured income for the rest of our lives." Osgood brightened. I had saved the best idea for the last.



"I got an idea that's worth millions. Can you film the creation of the earth?"

"I don't see why not."

"Fine. Now there's two possibilities. Either there is a God or there isn't. Commercially it'll be better if there isn't. That way I can write a book, attacking religion and use the film to back up my claims. Of course the book will be banned and the money will roll in; lectures, radio, book clubs, movie rights, T. V. rights, and then I can write a sequel, and the whole thing starts again." Osgood squirmed in his chair with delight.

"Of course if there is a God, we won't be able to make as much money. For instance there's already a couple of books on it, the Bible, and the Quran to name two. About the only real money in it, is to sell the film to the religion that offers the highest bid." Osgood looked slightly depressed as he left to start the recording.

The next morning we sat down for our private showing of the earth's creation. On the screen was a picture of the earth taken from way out in space. It looked like a green and blue apple hanging against a black velvet curtain. Being an atheist, my heart stopped when the earth suddenly appeared. I was groping my way out of the darkened room, on my way to the nearest church, when Osgood grabbed my arm and whispered.

"Wait, it hasn't finished, the camera is still running." On the screen a small dot of light appeared, slowly swelling larger and larger, and then exploding into millions of fragments which formed into the words:

THE EARTH

in 4D

PRODUCER

J. C. GOD

R. A. Morris.

## A PILER OF CANS AND A STACKER OF PACKETS

A half hour late, he dashed up the wide aisle, oblivious of the rows and rows of cans, the muted music and the sterile white light that lit the supermarket. (Jesus, an inspection this afternoon, and I sleep in.) Absently rubbing his half grown-in brushcut, he scanned the section of shelves of which he was grandiloquently called the manager. (I wonder if I should do the canned fruit first or the dried fruit. Better start with the cans, there's a lot of them.) His mind made up, he whipped out a small notebook and began copying down the names of the myriad brands that he would have to bring out. He took a quiet pride in the way he was able to efficiently estimate the number of cases that would be required. He started to hum to himself; happy, for he felt that today, he'd get his first big break.

(I can just see the big boss now, asking after the inspection is finished. "Who's in charge of the fruit section?" Then old Russel would say. "Why that's Jim Dudley, a real fine lad, lots of promise, "Of course he wouldn't really mean it, but he'd have to say it, because he would see that the big boss was impressed. Then he would probably call me over and introduce me. I'd come over real brisk, like I was pretty busy, and give the big boss a firm handshake, and look him square in the eye, like I read how you're supposed to. Then I'd say to old Russel like I just thought of it. "You know I think we should take some of the shelf space from Hornsby brands and give it to So-Lo brands as they move faster. We'd be getting maximum shelf utility that way." Boy would that show the big boss that I'm on the ball.)

As Jim became absorbed in his little fantasy, he wrote slower and slower until at last he was smiling vacantly at the rows of cans. A hard, slightly metallic voice shattered his ambitious reverie.

"Well Dudley, you think you're all set for the inspection?"

"Morning Mr. Russel, no I'm not ready yet. I was just, uh, thinking." His answer brought a wan, skeptical smile to the lips of the manager as he said.

"Think about checking those prices. I don't want any ninety eight cent cans of apple sauce brought to my attention by the superintendent during the inspection like last time." With this, he stalked off. Jim stared after him, thinking.

(I guess Russel will always be just a store manager.. His one big fault is that he just can't get along with people. It wasn't my fault. Hell, even the district manager said that anyone could forget to change a marker. But he never forgets, keeps throwing it in my face.) Glancing at his watch, he found that it was ten to nine. Quickly copying down the rest of the brands, he scurried to the basement where all the stock was kept. For the next fifteen minutes, he was busily occupied, throwing the cartons on the conveyor belt and unloading them onto his handcart. As he cautiously pushed it to his section, he began to dwell on the injustice of Russel's remark.

(You give a little man, a little bit of influence and he uses it to take out his frustrations on the people under his power. Of course most of the morons working here, never heard of Freud and so don't see what Russel's doing. This store would run a hell of a lot smoother if we had a friendlier manager. Hey, I better make a note of that. Might be an idea to keep in mind when I start to get ahead. You need harmony to get teamwork. Managers like Russel would have to go.)

With this, he pulled a fat blue notebook with two indexes that divided it into two main categories; ideas and events. Ideas was further partitioned into the sub headings, management, organization and personnel; and events was separated into job, and personal life. It was ideas,



agement that he jotted a little note about friendly managers. He had finished when he became aware of someone standing at his elbow. He popped the book shut, and turned to face Russel. He was astounded when Russel, whom he thought a nosy son of a bitch, didn't ask him what he had written. It would have been awkward. Russel, however, had something important on his mind.

"I just thought I'd check and make sure that you haven't forgotten about today's special on apricots. You haven't have you?"

"Of course not." Jim automatically lied.

"I don't see any out here. You are bringing them out today aren't you?" he asked sarcastically. Again he never waited for a reply. It was characteristic of him that he always had the last word. This time he hardly noticed as he flipped the pages of his notebook, stopping at special days. He groaned when he saw that there was a special on apricots, inspection, and also family allowance day. The store would be packed when the mothers got their cheques in the mail.

Throwing the cartons off the hand cart into a chaotic pile, he rushed to the back. A feeling was slowly growing that today was going to be one of those days. This was substantiated by Russel who stopped him when he came charging from the back, his hand cart piled high with cartons of the special apricots. Russel didn't even try to control his cheshire-like grin as he said, "Looks like you'll be hopping today. A couple of the clerks who pack at the check out counter aren't coming in today, so you'll have to lend a hand." Before Jim could mutter a protest he was gone. Pushing the hand cart he careened down the aisle to the canned fruit section. After ten minutes of intense effort, he had the apricots piled in a neat display, with the sale signs above. He stood back for a minute to admire the job he had done.

Reaching for a case of pears, he decided to keep up his half hour rest start. Just then the P.A. started blasting.

"Jim Dudley, checkout counter number seven. Jim Dudley, checkout counter number seven." Jim gave a howl of impatience slammed the carton of pears to the floor and trotted dutifully to number seven. The morning was filled by, with Jim racing back and forth between the checkout counter and the fruit section. Slowly the shelves began to fill and take on a straight geometrical look that he relished. Each time he returned, he first filled any holes that the customers had made in the rows, before starting a new shelf. He winced visibly, whenever someone reached for a can, and was impatient in his answers to discourage questions.

It was twelve-thirty before he first thought to look at his watch. Damn, I missed half an hour of lunch already. Better take it now or I'll never get it. Wait, maybe I better forget it for the time being. I'll take a long coffee break after all the brass have left.) A half hour later he stood up and for the first time that day smiled. The section was all filled up, except for a few minor holes that the customers had made. He was about to fill them in when the P. A. started.

"Jim Dudley, number seven. Jim Dudley, number seven." He obediently stepped forward for the front, then rebelled. He turned back and continued filling the holes in the ranks of cans. The P.A. called six or seven times, which only irritated him into taking his time. He was almost finished when he heard Russel hiss.

"Dudley get the hell to the front quick." Jim's hands tightened around two cans, his face contorted with hate and anger. He pictured standing in Russel's face with the cans. It passed, but still smouldering he hurried to the front. For the next hour and forty minutes, he released some of his emotion by slamming the food into bags. Once however he split a wax carton of milk. He managed to hide his seething rage and apologized to the customer. At ten to three there was a lull and as he decided to go to the back, he saw the brass walk in.

Racing to his section, he swore when he noticed that the display of apricots was almost gone. He glanced towards the front. (I just might have time. They usually inspect the meat section first. Should have fifteen minutes if I'm lucky.) In five minutes he was back with the hand cart piled high. He had just started to open the first carton when he heard a commotion at the end of the aisle. Looking up he watched a stout matronly woman trying to catch a young boy of five.

He knew what was going to happen as if the three of them had been practising together for months. The boy stumbed hitting the hand cart and knocking the cartons into the shelves. The cans crashed and snarled to the floor, while the boy yelled in terror. Jim had remained crouching all while, but when the mother charged at him like a maddened hippopotamus, he leaped up to fend her off. Instead he caught her off balance and knocked her flying into the shelves. When the last can had finally stopped rolling Russel and the brass were silently staring at him.

It was useless to explain. A silence fell. He reached down to pick up the cans, but realizing that he was probably fired he stood up again. He stood there, a can in each hand, wondering what to do. Russel spoke.

"All right Dudly, put down the cans and get out. You've caused enough trouble." A contemptuous smirk quivered on Russel's lips. Something snapped, and Jim hurled the cans into Russel's face. He stood there swaying, two ragged welts of blood across the white skin. He tumbled clumsily to the floor.

Jim went berserk. Carton after carton, smashed into the shelves and cans flew through the air, driving everyone off. Alone, he turned Russel on his back, and started flinging can after can into his torn defenseless face. Faster and faster, he hurled them, until at last the cans were embedded in the squishy pulp. He stopped. Russel was dead and Jim was tired.

R. A. Morris.



## ONCE THERE WAS A MAN

Through the cold drizzle, he could see the warm lights of the houses against the bleak hills. Despair surged through him, as he huddled beside the deserted highway, watching the inky blackness of night slowly settle on the horizon, crushing beneath it the last pearly rays of light. He shivered and clutched the worn overcoat to his gaunt body, trying to shut out the all encompassing hand of the cold.

A car appeared in the distance, and his hand raised in silent supplication; a conditioned reflex of twenty years of endless wandering about the North American continent. His phlegmatic face, cracked into a small grin of joy as the car skidded to a stop about twenty yards passed him. Snatching up his pack, he half-ran, half-scrambled to the waiting car, afraid that if he talked, the driver would change his mind. His benefactor was impossibly dressed, porcine, with a round bald head and a white flacid face. His eyes were small, and black, like two raisins stuck in his dough-like skin. The conversation started like all the conversations do, a series of questions and answers; inane platitudes about the weather and life in general.

"Sure glad you stopped. Damn miserable out there."

"Guess it would be, getting close to winter now."

"Yeh."

There was a small pause before the second part of the liturgy, or schism of the accepted conversational pattern began. The wanderer sat red uneasily on the wide front seat, feeling like a gold fish as he looked at the continual water mist that the two efficient wipers, stroked, never tiring, never faltering.

"How far are you going?"

"I was hoping to get to Hortville by tonight, but it doesn't look like now."

"This must be your lucky day because that's where I'm heading for. I'll be there."

"How long do you think it'll take us?" asked the wanderer nervously.

"Oh I don't know, about six hours if the roads don't get any worse. I don't know how to drive?"

"Sure, why?"

"Thought you might like to take over in a couple of hours. I'm a bit of a bush. Been driving ever since six this morning."

"Sure I'd rather drive than sit. The time goes faster when you're driving. Just give a holler when you want me to take over."

Another small pause ensued, as the two men stared out the window at the headlights which like two heat rays seared round circular holes in the murky wall ahead of them. Suddenly the driver turned slightly towards the wanderer and casually said.

"By the way, my name's Bill Corydon." The name smashed into his mind, sinking deeper and deeper, and from his whitened lips was wrenched the shocked confession.

"I'm Bill Corydon too." He hadn't used his real name in years, in fact he had almost forgotten it. If the driver had first asked him his name, he would have volunteered his own, he would have said it was Jim Taylor or David. The driver was as equally surprised but not as profoundly moved as his companion.

"Well what do you know about that, it sure is a small world after all." The other nodded his head vaguely, and leaned back against the seat. Question after question shuffled forward one after another, like some dark forms in a gloomy cavern, only to explode and dazzle him with their searing intensity.

Why was he going to Hortville? He didn't know anyone there. Where had he been coming from? Suddenly it seemed to him that he had always been standing in that cold drizzle, by that black phospherently gleaming high. Had he just been waiting for this car? Did he know the driver? It was something to do with their names.

A fragment of a phrase drifted up, and broke the surface of his mind floating there tranquilly, while he examined it. (The doctor said) Again the questions flooded his mind. What doctor? What had he said? When had he known a doctor? Viciously he prodded the sludge of the subconscious, and suddenly a huge segment floated to the surface. It was like watching a movie of someone watching a movie. It lacked reality.

He was sitting in a room with grey walls and now windows. The only piece of furniture was that of the chair in which he was reclining. Against the far wall, a man in a blue suit was leaning and talking to him. It was a hospital of some description.

"No Bill, your problem is quite common in this day and age. In the days of vast automation and regimentation, the individual has a tendency to get lost and doubt his existence and worth. It's the lucky few that are still able to achieve a sense of recognition and individuality in their work. As a result, most people nowadays try to find it in their leisure hours by becoming painters, or writers, or else collecting something unusual like lampshades or matches; all trying to find a label something that will distinguish them from the crowd."

"Now where you differed, was that you tried to fight the system, but it was so vast and impersonal that it was hopeless. So you had to find something that you could fight; and that was when you decided that you were trying to steal your identity. He was a symbol of the system. Now it's going to take a lot of time, thought and effort but I think..." The screen was as much as he could remember, the screen blacked out. He was still trying to sort out his emotions and thought, when he realized that the driver was talking to him.

"I was just wondering if you knew anybody in Hortville? Have you ever been there? It sure would be funny if we were second cousins or something." The wanderer hesitated for a minute, glancing at the driver out of the corner of his eyes before answering.

"Yeh, it sure would be strange but I don't think so because I've never been there before and I don't know of any relations who have." As soon as he finished speaking, he knew that it was a lie and he also knew he'd been uneasy since he had entered the car and why he couldn't remember where he had come from. The driver had stolen his psyche, and he had been wandering lost, until this second chance encounter. He had to make sure. A look of insane cunning spread over the wanderer's face as he started the conversation.

"Say you ever break your leg when you were a kid?" The question puzzled the driver, but he replied, after a second's thought.

"No, but once when I was about fifteen, I broke my wrist playing football." (Liar) thought the wanderer. The driver waxed reminiscent.

"Used to play a lot of ball at one time. Played three years of college, but I missed a lot of games because of injuries."

"You played tackle, didn't you?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I played half back, but I was a lot lighter than I am now." The driver continued to brag about his athletic days and the wanderer seethed inwardly. Not only had he stolen his life, but now twisted and distorted it to suit his fancy. Once and awhile he would invite the driver to add the gag end to one of his tales, only to have the driver frown and deny that it had happened that way. At first this had troubled the wanderer, but after awhile he let it pass, and waited for the driver



tired. He knew that there was only one way to deal with imposters. It  
 about three hours after he had been picked up that the driver said.  
 "Say, you want to take over now, I could use a couple of hours sleep."  
 wanderer nodded affably and the driver pulled the car over to the side  
 the highway, and they changed places.

For awhile they maintained a desultory conversation, but slowly  
 iness and the monotonous drum of the rain on the car roof, put the  
 er to sleep. For the next five minutes, the interior of the car was  
 nt except for the semi-coherent mutterings of the wanderer, as his  
 grappled with the problem of eliminating the impostor. A smile of  
 sfaction hovered on his lips, as he tramped the gas pedal to the floor.  
 car sped like an arrow down the highway, and then braked and pulled  
 the pavement. The impostor hit the windshield with a dull squish,  
 ing a thousand tiny cracks, like a delicate spider's web across the  
 s.

He changed clothes with his victim, hardly noticing that they were  
 short and baggy. Then he laid him on the pavement and drove the car over  
 twice. At last he had regained his identity and was going home.

Fours hours later he was speeding out of Hortville. The town had  
 ed a dark and sprawling monster. The strange and unfamiliar rect-  
 es, squares of buildings and the juttings of church steeples confused

It was all wrong. It must be that the next town along the highway  
 the one he was looking for.

There was a hitch hiker at the edge of town. He jammed on the brakes,  
 reversed the car. As soon as the hitch hiker was in, he asked him.

"What's your name? You look kind of familiar?"

"I'm Jim Osborne, say mister what's the matter? You sure look strange.  
 you sick or something?"

He shook his head, and stared out into the grey dawn, his face set  
 alabaster white. (Another one) he thought bitterly (Another impostor.)

R. A. Morris.

A patchwork of torn rags shuddered convulsively on the park bench. Two dirty hands and a shapeless face turned upward like the petals of some exotic flower towards the frigid morning sun. (Didn't think I'd make it. One more day to suffer. Should try to get to the hospital, but not the effort. This is just as good a place as any.) The eyes; two chips melting ice, peered around the park, gazing intently as if memorizing each blade of grass, each tree, each bench. (I've been here before.)

The sun glittered in the dew, and a diaphanous white mist drifted up from the faded grass, like a gauze veil floating on the gentle breeze. It engulfed the figure on the bench softening the harsh outlines, while a plume of white breath circled about his head. His face seemed smooth and impassive, as if the skin had never been wrinkled or furrowed. He watched the sparkling water of a fountain, trickle into a grimy concrete bowl.

(I can't swallow. My throat feels as if it's stopped up with solidified wine. If I could just get some water, it would mix. Have instant wine. Ha, ha, pretty funny, almost as funny as instant water.)

His thin lips gave the barest suggestion of a smile. As he stared about him, he slowly subsided into a semi-conscious state. Without word or comment, he watched the park fill up; as the hoboes and pawnhandlers, who had just been released from the various missions, in the neighbourhood, slowly accumulated in the hope that today they would be able to beg enough money for a bottle of wine, and escape another night in the fetid dormitory.

Like all parks, this one too, had a regular group who showed up day after day, rain or shine. The group was divided into a very rigid hierarchy. The first to arrive, after the riff raff, were the two photographers who in shape, manner and thought resembled tweedle-dee and tweedledum and represented the pinnacle of the system. They owed their unique position to the fact that they were the only two photographers in the park. Next to arrive and in importance were the various artists who eked out an existence, painting canvasses for the tourists who flocked to the park about ten in the morning. They didn't come to see the park, but the church behind it, which the local guide books told them, was one of the sights that shouldn't be missed. The last to arrive were the hangers-on who had come casual or tenuous relationship to the artists; and the ageing pensioners who only came on sunny days.

By ten everyone had arrived and was in place when the first bus vomited its load of tourists. Their bright chattering voices, childish and high, eager to be shown something beautiful so that they could oh, and ah, and brag about it when they got back home, woke the wanderer. Through his mind ran a feverish monologue on what was passing before his eyes.

(Look at them, big ones, little ones, fat ones, old ones, young ones; all hurrying by, glancing at their watches. I should stop one and ask what the hurry is. Scurrying, so that they can die a little faster. May they come to see me die, only they can't wait, and so they come flying by hoping that I'll be considerate and die right then, and then they won't have to waste anytime waiting for it to happen and yet they can still tell themselves that they actually saw a man die in a park. Well if you want to see it, you're going to have to wait. I'm still good for seven or eight hours yet.)

(That's it. I'll put in a full eight hours at dying. I'll do a real conscientious job. It'll be the finest day's work I've ever done and maybe it'll make up for the days that I sat in front of a bunch of mindless morons and tried to teach them the intricate beauty of calculus. My God, why did I sit there so many years, slowly rotting, wondering why I had spent eighteen years in school; only to be bullied by a perfect a



normal truck driver type, except for the fact that he was head of the department. Once I had learned to read and write, I was ready for the world, but nobody told me and so I spend eight futile years trying to find in books what wasn't there. Always thinking that the next year they would reveal the secret to life, until at last there wasn't any next years.)

(Look at those two. They can't be more than twenty four, and they have three kids already and she's swollen with the fourth. Someone should tell them, it's not the stork, it's death. Funny Olive and I never had any. After I guess, in the long run that we didn't, although they might of put us together. Maybe if you have kids, it makes a difference. I wonder what she's doing now?)

(Damn tourist, you can always spot them with their albatross-like beaks hanging around their necks. They spoil everything, them and jet setters. They can't stand to be anywhere different, and so they change the place that they go to, so that it's just like home. Now you can go to Paris, London, Hong Kong and if you're careful and don't look too closely you'll never know you left home at all. They're the latest step in evolution, they adapt their environment to suit their needs and prejudices.)

With a scornful glance at the every changing stream of humanity, he slumped himself down on the bench and dropped off to sleep. Two bums who by the instinct of vultures had sensed that he was dying, hovered discreetly in the background, taking a furtive inventory of his clothes. It seemed fairly hopeless except for the shoes which he wore that looked as if they might fetch two or three dollars. They wanted to inspect them in order to see if it was worth their while to wait, but they were afraid to attract attention to themselves or the dying man. When they saw old Emma come into the park, they knew that their decision had been made for them. The wanderer was sitting on her bench.

Emma had her own special strata in the park system, just like she had her own special bench, both directly due to the fact that she was married to one of the better artists that worked there. The artist's acknowledged priority was due to the fact that he demanded fifty cents more than anyone else for a charcoal profile and got it. This wasn't because he was a particularly skillful craftsman, for the tourists didn't know the difference, but only that he looked more the artist with his large russet beard and black beret.

At first when Emma saw the wanderer on her private bench she was annoyed, but being a garrulous person who liked to talk about her colorful life, it passed. Without a word she grabbed his feet and pushed them off the bench. As she lowered herself at one end of the bench, it slowly disappeared from view, as her vast mountains of flesh flowed over, and covered it. The wanderer glanced at her indifferently and continued his reverie.

(Must be some kind of nut. Every park has them. Hell there's all sorts of empty benches, but she has to sit here. Oh well, maybe she'll go away if I ignore her.) She never waited for him to ignore her and he had asked rhetorically.

"Don't you know that this is my private bench and no one else is allowed to use it. No, it's okay, you don't have to leave. Just so you know it's my bench." He hadn't made any effort to move but at her last words, he stared at her, half incredulous. Before he had a chance to say anything, she started again.

"I come here everyday and I always sit on this bench. My husband is an artist here. You might of noticed him. He's got a beard and he limp. We've been married for one year, both of us for the first time, although I'm seven years older than him. It's kind of funny isn't it?" He never replied but that didn't bother her because she wanted someone who would listen. The words flowed at him, around him; each sentence a silken strand, forming a cocoon of indifference.

"I find it kind of boring sitting around here, day after day, especially after the life I've led. I was never one to sit back and let life pass me by. A lot of people have told me that I should write a book about my life. I used to be a fat lady in a circus, but I lost a lot of weight. I dropped to three fifty and was fired. I was kind of glad, because it sure was hard eating all the time to keep up my weight."

"Before that I was lady wrestler. Boy there's a lot of money in that. Funny though, the kind of guys you attract and who come to watch you wrestle, are almost all little weak guys that couldn't punch their way out of wet paper bag. Of course there's a lot of lesbians hanging around too. It was kind of fun but it was lonesome, always on the move. You've been lonely? I mean real lonely, like you wanted to scream, but were afraid to, cause somehow you knew it would be a lonely scream. So you don't do anything, because it'll just make you lonelier and so you just lie there at night, and you actually feel the loneliness." She stopped, sad and reflective. A look of horror passed over the wanderer's face.

(Good God, not that. Spare me the confessional. Why does everyone tell me their troubles? Wipe the dirt from their lives, the excrement of living on me, like I was a piece of toilet paper? They mustn't regard me as human. They blab away like I was just an intelligent dog, and they don't have to worry what I'd say because they know that dogs' can't talk. What a huge mistake my whole life has been.)

"The first doctor said it was my liver, but I said what the hell I hardly touch the stuff, except for a little wine that I carry in a little jar for my cough. I'm kind of looking forward to it. I've had kids before but this will be the first one I've kept. My husband is pretty proud to

(Damn right he should be proud, knocking up something like you. Any minute now she'll be pulling out diagrams to show me how he did it, and asking for suggestions. There must be a God, only he would have the grotesque humour to saddle me with this in my last hours.)

The day ground down to late afternoon, with the huge mound of flesh and the shrivelled bag on bones, seated companionable on the bench. The shadows lengthened, the tourists lessened, and a chill wind stirred. Finally the artist, a young cripple in his early thirties, hobbled up and claimed his prize. As they left the park, they resembled a tiny tug pulling an ocean liner out of harbour. The huddled figure peered sadly about.

(Now the great exodus begins, the lucky ones to some grubby hole and a bottle or maybe a needle, and the rest back to the mission where they'll sit in that stinking hall waiting for the crap they call food, and trying not to laugh at the sign overhead, that so sweetly asks. "Have you written mother lately." Wonder what the hell, the two bums at the next bench are waiting for? All the suckers are gone for the day. Ah well hope springs eternal in the human breast. Good old cliché Pope. Maybe they're a nice short for the bottle. They couldn't be waiting for me. Funny they never look this way.) The sun went down, and in the dark shadows and icy winds sat three men waiting for death.

(Look at the stupid bastards, sitting there, freezing their balls off because they haven't got the guts, to come over here and take the shoes while I'm still alive. It must be the shoes that they're waiting for. They're not bad, got them from that guy who gave me a lift here two days ago. Funny I don't feel the cold, yet I'm shaking so bad that my teeth are



most falling out. It must be murder for those two. Wonder what they're  
itting for? Come on you bastards.)

(They sit there, like I used to sit, or as Emma so aptly put it,  
tting life pass me by. Two kinds of people; those who get their face  
cked in, and those who kick them in. I always thought that I was the  
rmer, but maybe I'm not. You have to like to have your face kicked in  
d I didn't. Of course I didn't like kicking in faces either, but maybe  
didn't try hard enough to like it. Maybe all I needed was a pair of shoes  
at someone wanted. Got to get to the hospital. Get those guys to help.  
ve them my shoes if they do. I don't need them anymore. Got to get up.)

The rags stood up, lurched forward two steps, and then flopped to the  
ound. Silently the two glided across the shadows to the crumpled figure.  
lifted his head, as they clumsily untied his shoes, and croaked one word  
d then slumped back dead.

"Power."

R. A. Morris.

## THE LONG WAIT

Red... blood red! The setting sun seemed strangely ominous, a kind of warning. The life blood of the masses would be spilt, soon. We had been waiting for it for a long time. We hadn't been sure how it would come but we knew that it would come. Would you be among the brave (or is it cowards?) who did not take their own lives? Would there be another sunrise or had we seen the last one? We did not know. Perhaps it would miss us and we would be spared. But why should we be spared, we had done nothing extra special to warrant it. Apparently the day of reckoning had come. Whose reckoning was it? Man's or God's? I doubt if we would ever know, although we may know sooner than we think.

Five minutes ago the sirens had wailed their frightening cries. It must have been a mistake, it couldn't have happened! But it did! The enemy had launched an attack against us! We were at war. We looked expectantly to the north for some kind of sign of them. It was now a matter of minutes, then it would all be over. The impossible had happened. We just couldn't believe that this bit of reality was not a dream, a nightmare. Thousands of lives would soon be snuffed out like unused candles. Thousands more would wish that they had been spared and their lives, too, had been taken away. Would life be worth living? Had it been worth living?

Thousands of biographies were mentally composed as men sought to find some element of truth in their lives. Many found something that never existed before. They had found a new balance in which to weigh the elements of their lives. Material things seemed to lose their importance at this time. Strangely, it was the little things that mattered now; a look, a smile, a kiss.. With anguish men thought of the cutting, snide remarks that they had left their loved ones with. Now they would never see them. That was no way to part! But then, is there any pleasing way of parting?

The historian gathered together writings about our great civilization and tried to find some safe place for them in order that they would not be lost to the ages. But who would be here to read them? At this moment the future looked very far away, God! what future?

Wait! There's a strange sound in the air. It's come! The Creative murdering scientific genius of man is here. Look to the north for the coming destruction! But you can't look to the north because you're dead. You were looking in the wrong direction. Too late, too late, too late.

\* Author's note: This story was written previous to the Cuban situation, and therefore has nothing to do with those incidents.

John Olson.



A SHORT STORY

( TO L. )

3rd Division HQ

Report of Battle Induced Psychosis

Enclosed please find the verbatim report communicated to us by private soldier serial number 3621992A, found by a recovery party on a routine checking operation in the 5th Sector about five hours after the enemy's mic strike in that sector. When found the soldier exhibited the usual symptoms of chronic radiation sickness and euphoric withdrawal. After five hours of emergency measures, recovery was complete enough to result in the following, sent as per your Directive 33. Text as follows.

- - - - -  
This, sir, was how it was - about 0600 and we were all there in the bunker three and this thing came down, holy God, like nothing I ever heard before, lighting up the wall from the door so you'd have thought it was melting it was that light. So then the sergeant he said for us to put our masks on, only it didn't do much good because I guess we were all shaking, it was so damned bright, sir. Anyway, he said again and angry this time. Now I know sir what it says in the manual and all, and under ordinary circumstances I would have put it on right away of course, but there were Johnny and Frank and the others, with Johnny on his knees saying "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, remember me Jesus!" and together with that shouting outside and the crying and the praying, well something laid its hand on me. And I remember shouting to the others about how we were called, that the light was a signal and that somebody wanted us and we had better get out there into that light. And the sergeant yelled again at us and told Johnny that if he didn't shut up with his praying he would shoot him. But Johnny didn't seem to hear him, sir, only kept on with that "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus" like you couldn't tell whether he was cursing or praying on His Name. Then the sergeant took out his side arm and he hit him the the nick right there, and Johnny didn't scream but just stopped his yelling and fell down like stone. And the sergeant said if one of us want the same and if he doesn't he had better get his mask on, then we cooled down and we got our masks on, and the sergeant told us we'd have to wait for the rad count to drop before leaving the bunker. Holy God, sir, I can still see it, there was Johnny bleeding terrible all the shapes the men and the room lit up so much there weren't any more. And I figured, sir, like I said, that the light was a shining and I had to answer it, so I started for the way up. There was no fear and no worry any more, only the light in different shapes. But I remember on the way up the feel of Johnny's blood on my boots, how it was slippery and holding you down at the same time, and that made me scared as I went up. And then the sergeant said that if I didn't come back he'd kill me. Then I turned from the way up and looked at him and God almighty, sir, he wasn't nothing to fear, just all light and not even a giant any more. So then I said to the light "I'm coming" and I went up. And I pulled off the mask as I know I should and Jesus, Jesus, the whole land, everything was like a blue-white flame, only not hot, not as hot like a fire. I maybe walked, maybe, I don't know, but the light was all that there was and nothing mattered right then. I was thinking about how the air was a solid thing like a block of silver, and of how Johnny's I.D. tag had flew like a piece of the light when the sergeant hit him.

Shortly after making the above statement the soldier lapsed into deep coma. All attempts to revive failed, and life was terminated by a mass dose of morphine injected into the rt. subclavian artery. Disposal was as per gen. instructions.

In regards to the incident mentioned by the soldier - bunker three's occupants were found by our recovery party shortly after the soldier was located. Still in the bunker, Sgt. Clemson and private soldiers Andrews, Chapman, Girrard and Jones had been dispatched with a calibre .45 weapon fired from the bunker's entrance. Time of death has been fixed at shortly after the attack on Sector 5 took place. Comparison tests conducted with recovered bullets indicate that the weapon carried by the soldier was the weapon utilised.

How a lone man was able to kill five fully armed men remains a puzzle since the heavy dust clouds generated by the blast completely obscured the sun in that area, and made seeing, and consequently the aiming of pistol, virtually impossible.

Signed,

R. Brunnel M.D.  
For Commander,  
"C" Company.

Herbert Solem - Arts II







